



ON THE CHESAPEAKE.

HOW THE DUCK SHOOTING SEASON OPENED THIS YEAR.

Gunners on the Grounds All Night— The First Gun Cracked at Exactly Five O'Clock—Some of the Bags Were Large—The Lucky Ones.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 2.—A good day for ducking? Well, rather. There wasn't a man among the army of hunters and helpers and boatmen that opened the season on the Susquehanna flats yesterday who did not get as thorough a ducking, through oilskins and all, as if he had been anchored over night in five fathoms of water.

"We ought to have good shooting," said the native of Havre de Grace, as he set sail in the drizzle of early morning for his berth on the world-renowned feeding grounds. "Yes, there ought to be good sport, for there's going to be a light rain and the wind's from the east and—well, we'll see." Everybody saw the rain all right, for from the moment when the first drops fell to the close of the shooting time last night the rain poured incessantly and every man who carried home a bag of ducks earned them. The weather was good for ducks. Also for doctors and undertakers, and one of the jolliest of men on the return trip was a widely known funeral director, and he hadn't killed the most birds, either.

A fair number of ducks were on the flats yesterday, and of the better sorts black-heads and redheads were the most numerous, though it must not be understood by this that they were over numerous. There were many baldpates and ruddy ducks in proportion. Of canvas-backs the signs were cheering, for while they are not expected in large numbers thus early, one of the best-known gunners on the Susquehanna said the representation of this kind of water fowls was sufficient to be satisfactory under the circumstances. This hunter managed to kill three in a bag of 61 birds. His proportion of redheads was 13 pairs, but this was considerably more than most of the hunters got.

Those who took the eastward berths on the feeding grounds yesterday were unfortunate, for the stands to the eastward proved best and there was some pretty good shooting on the middle grounds.

The high boat of the day so far as reported at Havre de Grace last night was the Blooming Lily, Captain George W. Barnes, in charter to F. W. Roebling, of Trenton. This boat is reported to have taken 135 ducks. Other bags reported were as follows: Joseph Rosenfeld, Capt. Charles Gallup, 64; G. W. Bergner, Capt. Wm. Chesney, 23; Wm. J. Latta and Geo. Watmough, Capt. H. J. Poplar, 75; T. L. Harrison, Capt. Matt. Reynolds, 32; Wm. B. Flint, of New York, Capt. Wm. Dobson, 110; E. Madison Mitchell, yacht Lily, Capt. Thomas, 32; William V. Wilson, yacht Susquehanna, Capt. H. B. Moore, 64; the skiff Norris, Capt. Walter T. Jackson, 61; Charles Maclester, Capt. John Thompson, 86; the Nautilus, 28.

Some of Baltimore's best duck shots, including Messrs. H. A. Penrose, James R. Malone and J. Mowell Hawkins, were berthed, unfortunately, on the bad-luck side of the grounds, where the bags ran from 10 to 30 ducks. Those mentioned did better than a number of others in their own fix, still they had some time on their hands that they would gladly have occupied in shooting.

The waters of Maryland have many phases of sunshine and shadow, and even on a day like yesterday the State's great fowling ground possessed its peculiar interest. As the hunter approached the flats on his craft in the blackness of the early morning he could easily imagine that his boat contained all that there was of life and animation in the wide world. A word of warning is spoken and the helm is turned, for rising out of the gloom there comes a black giant or two, that glide with noiseless, ghost-like tread across the water, and then they are made out to be sails—"Ships that pass in the night"—bound for a spot from which to cross the line for the promised land of the sportsman's paradise. By this time the wanderer of the waters feels that there is something else besides his own craft and its occupants.

And now a lamp appears on the horizon, and the expert beside you says something about "a little early," and he peers down into his cabin, where his clock says it wants but a minute or two of five, the mystic hour when the law allows the hunter to venture on his happy hunting ground. But there is a revelation, for he has scarcely spoken when up go hundreds of lanterns where all was gloom before, and it seems as if some broad town had been born in a moment. The solitude is gone in the brief span of a second and all now seems instinct with life and movement. As the wary hunter lights his pipe you see him smile as he catches the sounds from the wild fowls—some faint chattering of distant ducks, and then the whistling of the baldpate—and scarce does the hand of the clock

touch 5 before a flash cuts through the gloom and the boom of a gun, startlingly close, crashes through the night, rolling and reverberating through all the hills that inclose the mighty head-waters of the Chesapeake.

"He got fixed a little too quickly," mutters the expert at your side, while the silent man, encased in oilskins, who holds the tiller says: "Didn't take long for him to get out his box and decoys."

Now flashes of light are seen on every side, the more vividly owing to the gloom. The first gun of 1897 starts the carnage. Sometimes the flash is followed by no sound, for with the growth of modern explosives that execution is most certain which speaks barely above a whisper.

Dawn soon breaks, as break it must on even a gloomy, rainy day. The dismal night gives up its place to a gray and misty twilight, with a background of cold blue hills. Bunches of ducks flit by on rapid wing—some, in aerial rush line, cutting through the air in wedge formation, but ever changing in the form of alignment; some rising so high that they seem to dissolve like a slender curl of black smoke; some falling ever lower and lower, until, defrauded by the arts of man, they settle into a stool of decoys, when suddenly rises the gunner from the treacherous sink box and four gun barrels, charged with leaden death, drop the birds amidst their wooden counterfeits. But they are not the only things of life that have been fooled by blockheads.

So the war goes on, and the rain falls down in ever-increasing volume until the report of the fowling piece comes like the muffled sound of a fire cracker exploded under water. The day wears on and the bedraggled huntsmen take up their decoys and sink boxes and—sail home? Oh, no! The wind has died out. It's a case of pull five miles to catch the train.

TRADE NEWS.

The J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., have just placed on the market their new wind-gauge Vernier rifle sight. This sight presents a neater appearance than the ordinary mid-range Vernier, for the thumb screw at the top has been done away with and the leaf otherwise shortened. The elevation is secured by the rotating knurled thumb in the centre of leaf, under the eye-cup. Windage is obtained by means of the thumb-screw on right side of eye-cup. The eye-cup is first loosened, when, with the thumb screw, a side motion of one-eighth inch either way may be had.



By having the wind gauge on the Vernier a lower base on the muzzle sight is possible, thus permitting the Vernier to be shortened. Then, too, the danger of adjusting a muzzle wind-gauge on a loaded rifle is obviated. Stevens' Vernier Wind Gauge Sight has a combination eye-cup, which permits several changes in size of the aperture. The sight is made with extreme accuracy and is finely finished. This is the neatest, safest and most convenient Vernier sight in use. At present it is made for Stevens Ideal Rifles only. Price of Stevens Vernier Wind-Gauge Sight, with combination eye-cup, \$6; with plain eye-cup, \$5.

William Paddock, northwest corner Eleventh and Market streets, Philadelphia, has taken the agency for a very neat arrangement in the shape of a coat hanger. It is a small aluminum chain on which the owner's name is nicely engraved. The chain is fastened to the inside of the coat collar.

Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, New York, agents for the high-grade Charles Daly hammerless guns, have an advertisement in this issue, giving the names of several prominent people who have purchased Daly guns. The firm of Schoverling, Daly & Gales is one of the oldest and most reliable in the country, and they carry a full line of all kinds of sporting goods, guns, bicycles and fishing tackle. Write to them for catalogue.

Delaware Sportsmen Meet.

The Delaware Game Protective Association held its annual meeting at the Merritt House, Wilmington, Del., on Oct. 28, when the resignation of President William Baxter was accepted. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President, Alfred D. Pooler; vice presidents, J. Danforth Bush, of this city, for New Castle County; William H. Lewis, of Smyrna, for Kent County; and Peter J. Hart, of Georgetown, for Sussex County; directors, Thomas B. Brison, chairman; A. D. Poole and J. Danforth Bush, of New Castle County; Benjamin Weldon, William H. Lewis and William Fleming, of Kent County; P. J. Hart, Joseph Truxton and James C. Chamberlain, of Sussex County.

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CARTERET GUN CLUB.

Remsen and Guthrie Win the Cup Matches.

The Carteret Gun Club drew a large attendance of pigeon shooters to the elegant new grounds at Garden City, L. I., on Oct. 30. Sixteen contestants were present and some fine shooting was done.

The first event was a five-bird race, which was won by G. S. McAlpin, J. S. S. Remsen and L. T. Duryea, after shooting out Captain Money and H. B. Gilbert on the tie.

Event No. 2, at 15 birds, for cup, was won by J. S. S. Remsen, who graced 15 straight from the 28-yard mark, and then defeated H. B. Gilbert on a tie.

Event No. 3 was the finest race of the day, Guthrie finally winning by killing 37 out of 38 birds. After the 21st round the ties went back to 32 yards. L. T. Duryea lost on the 38th round.

The entrance was \$10. Cup and 50 per cent. to winner; 30 to second, and 20 to third.

The scores follow:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
H. B. Gilbert (30)	22222-5	22222 22222 22222-15
J. S. Remsen (28)	21212-5	22222 12222 12222-15
Capt. Money (29)	12112-5	22222 22022 11222-14
G. McAlpin (32)	22222-5	22222 22222 22222-11
W. Stafford (27)	22222-4	22222 22121 12212-14
B. F. Jones (29)	22012-4	22222 21212 21220-14
C. S. Guthrie (20)	22220-4	02222 22221 22222-14
J. P. Knapp (30)	0	-0 22222 22122 20222-14
W. Watrous (26)		22222 20221 22211-14
W. S. Edey (28)	22022-4	21222 20222 21-11
C. Kennard (27)	011-2	20222 22222 10-9
Hooper (27)		22222 20102 2-9
L. T. Duryea (29)	22222-5	12122 21020 0-9
F. Edey (27)		02202 12221 0-8
F. Duryea (26)	2102-3	01120-4
In Event No. 1 McAlpin, Remsen and Duryea divide.		
In Event No. 2 Remsen shot out Gilbert and won.		
Event No. 3, all 30 yards.		
Guthrie	22222 22222 21222 22222-20	
Duryea	22222 02222 22222 222-17-37	
H. Gilbert	22212 22022 12112 22222-19	
	12222 21222 22222 220-17-36	
	22202 22222 22222 12222-19	
	21222 22220	-9-28
McAlpin	22212 22222 22222 22222 2200-22	
Hooper	22201 12212 21222 22111 20-20	
Jones	21222 21211 11101 12122 0-19	
Stafford	21021 22222 22220	-13
Watrous	22212 22202 0	-9
Capt. Money	22211 020	-6
Schroeder	22220 220	-6
W. S. Edey	22220	-4
Kennard	022	-4
F. W. Duryea	210	-2

Opened a New Club House.

Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 4.—The Nifty Valley Rod and Gun Club formally opened their new club house and game preserves near Hecla Park to-day. About 78 members of the club were present from Philadelphia, Reading, New York, Lock Haven, Bellefonte and this city. At 5

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o'clock a game supper was enjoyed, the menu consisting of wild turkey, rabbit, pheasant, deer and quail, all of which were killed on the private grounds of the club. The tract included in the preserves consists of 10,000 acres. The officers of the club are: President, J. Henry Cochran, of this city; vice president, C. H. Wilhelm, of Reading; secretary, Clarence Sprout, of this city, and treasurer, John P. Harris, of Bellefonte.

BISON CLUB SHOOT.

Arrangements Are Being Made For a Thanksgiving Day Shoot.

Only ten contestants entered in the regular shoot of the Bison Gun Club yesterday, but some of the scores were first-class. The badges were won by Quinine, Mack and Apfel. The scores follow:

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets	15	15	25	10	10	10	15
Quinine	13	9	20				
Mack	12	14	22	8	10	10	12
Beebe	9	13	16				
Apfel	13	11	22	3	7	8	9
Bauman	12		21	9	6	10	
John	7	5	10				
Foxie		15	22		7	10	14
Saleman			6	18		7	
McCarney				17			

The club is arranging for its annual merchandise shoot, to be held on Thanksgiving Day. The committee has secured twenty-five prizes already, and expects to double the number before the day of the shoot. The attention of the club's members is called to the meeting of the club for tonight. Important business will come up for discussion.